

# The Mirror

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ARELEY CHURCH,\* STAFFORDSHIRE.

There are no four syllables in our mother-tongue which summon up a crowd of more pleasing associations, than those of "our village church." How many pure and loveable things are connected with them! Whisper of "our village church," and straightway you fall a-dreaming of white steeples embowered in bowery trees, and pointing heavenward with fair spires—of sweet bells that tell of maiden marriages, and christenings, and communions, and all the other ceremonies of our religion. And then, too, the day of the Sabbath—when the gay villagers, in their best bits of broad-cloth and delicate linens, all along the gravel church-walk, to that temple where their forefathers from of old have worshipped, to imbibe from their affectionate pastor, with hearts humble and teachable, lessons of a pure and holy wisdom. Our village church—may it last coeval with the land, and may the showers of God's blessing make it ever fruitful, and abundant increase.

Many of them are to be seen, even at this standing in all their Saxon rudeness, and

\* Vide *Mirror*, No. 986, p. 24.

primitive simplicity; and till within a very recent time, the village Church of Areley did so, but the hand of the mason and architect, coupled with the munificence of the Lyttletons, have made it as it now stands.

Areley, or Arley, is situated on both sides of the river Severn, which visits no other part of the county of Stafford. The church, a rural and neat structure, represented in the above engraving, was formerly in the hands of the dean and chapter of Lichfield, till in 1548, according to the great vellum book of the dean and chapter, it was conveyed absolutely to Gilbert Lyttleton, Esq., in whose family it has since remained.

Its ecclesiastical jurisdiction is vested partly in the dean and chapter, and partly in the patron Lord Lyttleton, [1777] afterwards Viscount Valentia; the former annually visit the church, prove the wills, and take the churchwarden's accounts; the latter, by his instrument of presentation, both institutes and inducts, so that Areley is strictly a donative, and is exempt from episcopal, as well as archidiaconal jurisdiction.

The church itself, dedicated to St. Peter, is

an ancient structure, though no part of it is so old as the reign of Henry I., or Stephen. It is, therefore, supposed by Mr. Stebbing Shaw, in his History of Staffordshire, p. 260, that the first fabric erected at that time by Henry de Port, was pulled down and rebuilt about the time of Edward I.; for, by the style of the arches, windows, &c., it seems to be of that age. It consists of a nave, almost equally divided by pillars, and a chancel; the tower, which contains a ring of bells, was built of late years, with money raised by a brief.

Nor is it destitute of heraldic ornaments or monumental insignia. In the south window is an ancient shield, adorned with the arms of Lyttleton and his chief quarterings, with an inscription, beseeching the reader to "pray for the happy estate of William Lyttleton, Armiger, and Elyn his wife." Only the latter part of the inscription is now left. In the same window, were the portraits or figures of the said William and Elyn, and likewise of their daughter, habited in rich surcoats, and all in the posture of prayer. These figures were perfect before the civil war: some part of them is still visible in the window where they were first placed in the reign of Henry VIII. Neat drawings of these figures are to be seen in Bishop Lyttleton's MS.

The oldest monument is a raised altar-tomb, placed under an arch between two of the pillars which divide the nave. On this is a cumbent figure of a man armed at all points, his legs crossed, with a lion at his feet. On his left arm hangs a large shield, on which are insculped some bars dauncette. It is cross-legged, like the knight-templars, and is supposed to have been one who had gone the holy voyage, and taken on him the cross. But respecting the name or family of this marble hero, tradition is dark, and it is not known to whom it may be assigned.

#### THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT IN ARELEY CHURCH.

At Areley sleeps a Red-Cross Knight,  
In his mighty armour shrouded,  
But the tale of that warrior's name or fame,  
Alas! it is o'erclouded.

Tradition saith with a vaunting voice,  
That he follow'd bold Richard the Lion,  
—Plume on his helm, and cross on his breast,  
—And arm and heart of iron,—

To reap with his sword, and grasp with his hand,  
From the Palestine fields afar,  
Roses to shadow his valourous brows,—  
Blood-red roses of war!—

And staunchly he fought, and returned again,  
To Areley, covered with glory,  
But time hath blotted his 'sccheon out,  
And left no trace of his story.

At Areley sleeps a Red-Cross Knight,  
In his mighty armour shrouded,  
But the tale of that warrior's name or fame,  
Alas! it is o'erclouded.

The church contains other monuments erected to the Lyttleton family. The principal is that of Sir Henry, composed of differ-

ently-coloured marbles, and fairly executed. The others are chiefly plain white or black marble entablatures.

In 1793, the church being in a most wretched state, without any flooring, and the pews hardly usable, the parish resolved to have it completely repaired. Lord Valentia on that occasion raised and enlarged the chancel, adding a painted window by Mr. Eginton, which, as also the compartments of the other windows, and the front of the singing gallery, is ornamented with the different quarterings of the houses of Annesley and Lyttleton. Lord Valentia likewise gave the pulpit-desk hangings (which are particularly rich) and books. It is now one of the neatest churches in the county. The whole expense of the improvements was about 1,000*l*.

#### THE GENTLEMAN FARMER.

"Cedant arma togæ!"

"Off with the gorget, sword, and stock!  
And on with the leggings and smock-frock!"  
*Familiar Readings.*

THIS is the story of Archie the tall,  
Who rented some acres near Hadlow Hall,  
And trusting the markets never would fail,  
From soldiering took to farming!

His swords they were bent into ploughshares bright—  
His cavalry boots into leggings tight—  
His coat, cut to shreds, was the turkey's delight,  
At the end of a pole so charming!

That helmet, which once in such splendour he'd keep,  
Is become a brass pot to hold tar for the sheep.  
And the gloves they now dangle o'er furrows deep,  
The seed-robber crows alarming!

Ah! what has become of that charger bold,  
Who shone on parade in the days of old?  
Is he gone to the wars? or at Tatler's sold?—  
Or given to Mamselle Armine?

Behold him! the foremost of yonder team!  
New yok'd to the ropes and the wheel-plough beam,  
With his tail plaited up like a cable I deem,—  
But other folks see no harm in!

"Cedant arma," we know, says the poet,—and well;  
"Cedant togæ!"—which means, "In the church is a swell."

Or in Westminster Hall like an Erskine excel,  
With a gown to enfold your arms in.

Not a jot!—The translators our senses would mock—  
It is plain, my fine fellow, that *hic* is not *hoc*!  
It means, "Down with your broadsword, and wear a smockfrock."

To perambulate your farm in!

This is the wagon with tail-board and breast  
Inscrub'd with A. M. and the unicorn crest,  
And its seven-inch wheels all as red as the rest,  
To carry the corn and haum in!

And here are the tumbrils,—but not such, I ween,  
As Archie escorted when barely nineteen,  
Full of cartridge and peril, (for service he'd seen  
And victory bade him her palm win.)

No, no—if you scent any powder in these,  
'Tis of bone-dust and ashes, or soot, if you please,  
To muck the broad stubbles as high as your knees,  
In the fashion of all good farming.

And here are the ploughs, all in order array'd—  
True ransoms from Ipswich, but not, be it said,  
From the thralldom of care and the losses of trade,  
The boldest of spirits calming.

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#### VISIT

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These are the harrows with teeth so smart,  
To tear up the weeds, and the clods to part,  
When twitch is abundant, and carts after cart  
Muck and mud (but no gold,) from the  
farm bring!

And these are the rollers, stupendous in girth—  
To level the ridges and squeeze mother earth!  
May she never prove thankless, and sadden our mirth  
With news that poor Archie is starving!

"Bah! bah!" cry the sheep at the very idea;—  
"Weak! weak!" cry the pigs, quite despising our  
fear;—

The goose hisses in scorn, and the ducks in the rear,  
Cry, "Quackery! why thus alarm him?"

These are the oxen, white, black, and brown,—  
With horns sprouting upward, and tails growing down,  
An emblem of hopes and results, be it known,  
And reverses not very charming!

Oh! see you yon turnips of emerald green  
To the right and the left, and the swedes between?  
Do ye ken the red mangels and quicksets clean,  
Where a dwarf couldn't thrust his palm in?

"That calf in the meadow will make a fine bull!  
Those cows are true Alderneys,—thriving and wool—  
Those hoggets will yield me some hundreds in full—"  
Cries Archie, "I call this farming!"

A twelvemonth is fled! and the reckonings begin—  
"Wheat! barley! and clover!—confound it, how  
thin!

Not a penny yet turned? Not a shilling to win?  
A shilling?—by Jove, not a farthing!

"That beast of a bull tumbled dead in a dike—  
The sow has miscarried, the mare done alike—  
Two horses have lum'd their off-set with a spike—  
And a cow has gone dead in calving!

"The swedes are as mouldy as Stilton itself—  
The mangels are rotting in shed and on shelf—  
The bullock I trusted—(a stupid old elf!)  
Is unfit for aught else but palav'ring!

"My hopes and my butter are both gone to pot—  
The pigs are all mottled, the sheep have the rot—  
The chickens die daily—the vermin do not—  
Maria! dear! I'm such a quail in!

"Yes, welcome the days of my pointer and gun,  
When I cared not for hurricane, mildew, or sun,  
Now if wheat sold for three or four pounds, or for one,  
Nor if oats at eighteen were a bargain.

"Farewell to the glories of waving corn!—  
To the fretting all night, and the rising at dawn!  
Adieu! my friends of the fleece and the horn!  
God bless you! my ears and my carmen!"

So Archie again is himself! and is fain  
To dispense on those terms with the plough and the  
wain—

With the visions of plenty, and shadows of gain,  
He dream'd he had been in Farming!!  
M U.

## VISIT TO LORD BYRON.

BY LADY BLESSINGTON.

Genoa, March 31, 1823.—AM I, indeed, in the  
same town with Byron! To-morrow I may,  
perhaps, behold him! I never before felt the  
same impatient longing to see any one known  
only by his works. I hope he may not be fat,  
as Moore described him to be at Venice; for,  
in my opinion, a fat poet is an anomaly. Well,  
to-morrow I may know what he is like.

April 1.—I have seen Lord Byron; and  
am disappointed! So it ever is when we have  
heard exaggerated accounts of a person, or  
when (worse still) we have formed a *beau*

*ideal* of him. Yet most people would be more  
than satisfied with Byron's appearance, and  
captivated by his manner; for the first is  
highly prepossessing, and the second is grace-  
ful, animated, and cordial. Why, then, has  
he disappointed my expectations; and why is  
it that, on thinking of those portions of his  
writings that have most delighted me, I can-  
not figure the man I have just seen as their  
author! No, the sublime passages in "Childe  
Harold" and "Manfred," cannot be associ-  
ated, in my mind, with the lively, brilliant  
conversationist I have seen to-day. They  
still belong, in my fancy, to the more grave  
and dignified individual, than I had conceived  
their author to be;—an individual resembling  
Phillips's portrait of Byron, but paler and  
more thoughtful. I can imagine the man I  
saw to be the author of "Beppo" and "Don  
Juan." He is witty, sarcastic, and lively  
enough for these works; but he does not look  
like my preconceived notion of the melancholy  
poet. Yet there are moments when Byron's  
countenance is "shadowed o'er with the pale  
cast of thought"; and at such moments his  
head might well serve as a model for a sculp-  
tor or painter's *ideal* of a poet; but, in an  
instant, an arch smile replaces the pensive  
character of his countenance; and some ob-  
servation, half fun and half malice, chases the  
sombre and more respectful feelings, which  
were beginning to exist for him. His head is  
peculiarly well-shaped; the forehead is high,  
open, and highly indicative of intellectual  
power; the eyes are grey and expressive,—  
one visibly larger than the other\*; the nose  
looks handsome in profile, but in front is  
somewhat clumsy; the eyebrows are well-  
defined and flexible; and the mouth is fault-  
less;—the upper lip being of Grecian short-  
ness; and both as finely chiselled (to use  
an artist's phrase) as those of an antique  
statue. In the latter feature (the mouth)  
there is a scornful expression, which is not  
assumed (as many people have supposed);  
but is caused by the peculiarity of its for-  
mation. The chin is large, but well-shaped,  
and not at all fleshy; and well finishes  
the face, which is of an oval form. The  
hair has already much silver among its dark-  
brown curls; its texture is very silky;  
and although it retreats from the temples,—  
leaving the forehead very bare,—its growth at  
the sides and back of the head is abundant.  
I have seldom seen finer teeth than Lord By-  
ron's, and never a smoother or fairer skin;  
for, though very pale, his is not the pallor of  
ill-health, but the fairness peculiar to persons  
of thoughtful dispositions. He is so thin, that  
his figure has almost a boyish air; and yet  
there is something so striking in his whole  
appearance, that he could not be mistaken for  
an ordinary person.

This description would convey the impres-

\* Arising, not from one eye-ball being larger than  
the other, but from the eye-lids being more open.—  
N. R.

sion of more than usual personal attractions; and such Lord Byron may certainly claim; but his appearance has, nevertheless, fallen short of my expectations. I do not think I should have observed his lameness, had not my attention been called to it by his own visible consciousness of this infirmity;—a consciousness that gives a *gaucherie* to his movements; yet, even now, I am not aware which foot is the deformed one. His are the smallest male hands I ever saw;—finely shaped; delicately white; and the nails (*coulour de rose*) showing pearly half-moons at the bottom; and so polished, that they resemble those delicate pink shells, which we find on the sea-coast. Lord Byron owes less than any of my acquaintance to his toilet; for his clothes are calculated to disfigure, rather than to adorn him;—being old-fashioned, and fitting ill. His voice and accent are particularly clear and harmonious, but somewhat effeminate; and his enunciation is so distinct that, though his general tone in speaking is low, not a word is lost. His laugh is musical; but he rarely indulged in it during our interview; and when he did, it was quickly followed by a graver aspect;—as if he liked not this exhibition of hilarity. Were I asked to point out the prominent defect in Byron's manner, I should pronounce it to be a flippancy incompatible with the notion we attach to the author of "Childe Harold" and "Manfred"; and a want of the self-possession and dignity, that ought to characterize a man of birth and genius. Notwithstanding this defect, his manners are very fascinating;—more so, perhaps, than if they were dignified; but he is too gay,—too flippant for a poet.

When we arrived at the gate of the courtyard of the Casa Saluggo, in the village of Albano, where he resides, Lord Blessington and a gentleman of our party left the carriage, and sent in their names. They were admitted immediately, and experienced a very cordial reception from Lord Byron; who expressed himself delighted to see his old acquaintance. Lord Byron requested to be presented to me; which led to Lord Blessington's avowal that I was in the carriage at the gate, with my sister. Byron immediately hurried out into the court; and I, who heard the sound of steps, looked through the gate; and beheld him approaching quickly towards the carriage, without his hat, and considerably in advance of the other two gentlemen. "You must have thought me quite as ill-bred and *savage* as fame reports," said Byron, bowing very low, "in having permitted your ladyship to remain a-quarter-of-an-hour at my gate; but my old friend, Lord Blessington, is to blame; for I only heard a minute ago that it was so highly honoured. I shall think you do not pardon this apparent rudeness, unless you enter my abode; which I entreat you will do!"—and he offered his hand, to assist me to descend from the carriage. In the vestibule, stood his

chasseur, in full uniform, with two or three other domestics; and the expression of surprise visible in their countenances, evinced that they were not habituated to see their lord display so much cordiality to visitors.

Our visit was a long one; for when we proposed to abridge it, he so warmly urged our stay, and had so many questions to ask about old acquaintances and haunts, that the time passed rapidly. His memory is one of the most retentive I ever encountered; for he does not forget even trifling occurrences, or persons to whom (I believe) he feels a perfect indifference. At our departure, he warmly expressed the pleasure which our visit had afforded him; and I doubt not his sincerity. Not that I would arrogate any merit in us, to account for his satisfaction; but simply because I can perceive that he likes hearing news of his old haunts and associates; and likes, also, to pass them in review; pronouncing, *en passant*, opinions in which wit and sly sarcasm are more obvious than good nature. Yet he does not give me the impression that he is ill-natured or malicious, even while uttering remarks that imply the presence of these qualities. It appears to me that they proceed from a reckless levity of disposition, that renders him incapable of checking the lively but sarcastic sallies, which the possession of a very uncommon degree of shrewdness, and of a still rarer wit, occasions; and seeing how he amuses his hearers, he cannot resist the temptation; although at the expense of many he professes to like.\*

## SKETCHES OF EVERY-DAY LIFE IN AMERICA.

### NO. IV.—INTEMPERANCE.

"WERE the human body transparent, could we look through it, and see as God does, the operations of the multiplied and various organs, by which He sustains human life, and see the manner in which they are affected by alcohol, could we see the manner in which they treat it, and the manner in which it treats them, we should never doubt again whether to use it as a beverage, which is, or is not, right." It would appear plain to us that it is not right—especially when it tends, not only to mock the efforts of the soul to find some real good—but almost beyond anything and everything else, to prevent it seeking it where alone it can be found. But arguments are of little use to those who are the victims of this vice. We can often shame them by railery, when an appeal to their reason has no effect. The following anecdote may teach a lesson, perhaps, not to be forgotten.

A friend of mine residing in Peoria (Illinois) had one of the best farms on the Illinois river: about one hundred acres of it he planted

\* Condensed from "The Miller in Italy"; volumes pages 392 to 399.—N.R.

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with Indian corn. When it first came up in the spring, the crows seemed determined on its entire destruction. When one was killed, it seemed as though a dozen came to its funeral. And though the sharp crack of the rifle often drove them away, they always returned with its echo.

The colonel at length became weary of throwing grass, and resolved on trying the virtue of stones. He sent to the druggist's (the place where fire-water, as the Indians call it, ought only to be sold) for a gallon of alcohol, in which he soaked a few quarts of corn, and scattered it over his field. The black-legs came and partook with their usual relish, and as usual—to use a Yankeeism—they were soon pretty well corned; that is—drunk; and such a cooing and cackling—such a strutting and staggering!—The scene was like—but I will make no invidious comparison—yet it was very much like—

When the boys attempted to catch them, they were not a little amused at their staggering gait, and their zigzag course through the air. At length they gained the edge of the woods, and there being joined by new recruits, who happened to be sober, they united, at the top of their voices, in haw haw hawing and shouting either the praises or the curses of alcohol, it was difficult to tell which, as they rattled away without rhyme or reason so very much like—

But my friend, the colonel, saved his corn. As soon as they became sober they set their faces steadfastly against alcohol. Not another kernel would they touch in his field, lest it should contain the accursed thing, while they went and pulled up the corn of his neighbours. To return like a dog to his vomit—like a washed sow to the mire—like—not they! They had too much respect for their character—black as they were—again to be found drunk.

I wish as much could be said for the human species;—yet man is found, and always will be found, opposing what his conscience (were it allowed to speak) tells him is right and just, whenever his interest comes in the way, and for the sake of heaping up a little gold—becomes instrumental in the ruin of thousands. The following anecdote illustrates this forcibly, and likewise shows that the very means which men sometimes take to effect an object, often proves the cause of that object's defeat.

A person with whom I was acquainted, was invited to lecture on temperance, in the town of Paw-tucket. Several days previous to the time appointed, general information was given to all the inhabitants, and it created considerable excitement. The friends of temperance were glad of it, but the rum-sellers and drinkers were exasperated. At length the time for commencing the lecture came, and the house was filled. Soon after the service began, the door opened, and in came one of the principal tavern-keepers in the town, accompanied by

a miserable and squalid-looking individual, beastly intoxicated. They marched up the aisle, and took their seats near the pulpit, directly in front of the lecturer. (I ought to mention, that addresses on temperance are usually delivered in churches, throughout America.) The speaker proceeded in his discourse, portraying the awful consequences of intemperance, enlarged upon the iniquity of the practice, and appealed to the audience to make every exertion, to root the monster out of the land. He grew warm and animated, and pressed home the truth to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. During this time the tavern-keeper sat mute, but it could be seen from his countenance he did not relish what was said. Not so with his companion, for when the speaker said anything that was cutting or severe, he would mutter out, "It's false," "that's a lie," "there's no truth in it," and such kindred expressions, till, finally, he fell asleep, and gave evidence, by his snoring, that he was lost to all that was passing around him.

Very soon the lecture was finished, when the innkeeper arose, and said he wished to say a few words in reply to the gentleman. He had been an inhabitant of that town for many years; had endeavoured to get an honest livelihood; had minded his own business; had never wronged his neighbour, that he knew of, and he could not sit still and hear such vile and wicked slanders without endeavouring to counteract them. If such doctrines as had been propagated by the speaker should become universal, there would be an end to all society—he hoped and trusted that the good sense of his townsmen would not permit them to be led astray by the delusions of the temperance people. The temperance reform was all a humbug, it was priestcraft, and all signers to the pledge were hypocrites. He said he would close what he had to say, by asking one question of the lecturer. Says he, "Mr. —, if the tee-total plan succeeds, what are we going to do with our apples, our rye, our oats, and our barley? Yes, I say, what are we going to do with our barley, our oats, our rye, and our apples? Yes, Mr. Speaker, that's the question to be settled, what are we going to do with our oats, our barley, our apples, and our rye?" He became highly excited, and after repeating the question several times, with more vehemence than before, he, at the top of his voice, and giving his hat, which he held in his hand, a twirl through the air, hit his sleeping companion across the face as he reiterated the question for the twentieth time, "What, say I, are we going to do with our apples, our rye, our barley, and our oats." The old fellow, who had been asleep, awoke from the blow he received, and thinking the question came from the lecturer, grumbled out, "Why fat your hogs with them, you old fool!" The audience were convulsed with laughter, and the tavern-keeper rushed from the house, chagrined and mortified. C. M.



To the Editor.

ONSERVING a note appended by your classical correspondent, "J. C. W." to his article in your last number, entitled, "Death of Henry the Sixth," hoping that some of your poetical readers would favour him with a paraphrase in "English verse," of a delicate little piece of monkish Latinity therein quoted, I beg to answer his invitation by the subjoined rendering. I am passionately fond of these old scraps of delightful, though (in the sight of a pure Johnian,) unorthodox Latin; and cherish nothing in my memory with dearer care than such beautiful snatches, as the "Stabat mater dolorosa," or the "Dies Iræ;" they seem to me like plaintive music streaming from the bosom of a distant century. Though I advance my own, I think it pity that the clever reviewer should have committed to chance hands, a translation which no one better than himself could have executed: of course, I only argue from the internal evidences of his able article.

#### KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

Now hail to thee, King Henry!—  
Noble knight, and valour's prize!—  
Bright branch of that celestial vine  
Which blooms beyond the skies!  
Engrafted on sweet charity,  
Whose root hath birth divine,—  
The angel-buds of sanctity.  
All flow'ry round thee shine.

All hail to thee, King Henry!—  
Hail,—nobility's best bud!  
Hail—crowning grace of royalty!  
Prime fount of noble blood!  
Pious father of the orphan—  
Truest prop and stoutest strength,  
Of all thy church and people,  
Through thy kingdom's breadth and length.

All hail to thee, King Henry!  
Pious love illumines thy face;—  
Sweet model of humility!  
Fair innocency's grace!  
Thyself a school of patience,  
Where to, all oppress by force,  
Or pained, or hurt, or desolate,  
May ever have recourse.

All hail to thee, King Henry!—  
Torch of lustre, heavenly-bright!  
By which thy followers are illumed  
—Thee leading—Thee their light!  
For thou hast surely shined forth,  
With piety and love,  
And marks of grace, which only flow  
From that true light above.

Then hail to thee, King Henry!—  
Whom the King of Kings hath high  
Exalted 'mid the angels,  
And enfranchised for the sky!—  
May we, who now desire to laud  
Thy praises and renown,  
Enjoy with thee thy glory,  
And with thee partake thy crown.

WILLELMUS.

\* "Mestis atque desolatis." Unlearned Thebanus may usefully note, that in the original Latin lines, plain *e* is throughout employed for the diphthongal *æ*: otherwise they may be posed at their dictionaries for *mestis*, *præfulgere*, and several genitives. *Verbum sat*.

#### THE SPECULATOR.

BY W. B. EGAN, M.D.

[Concluded from page 145.]

TUESDAY morning, half-past nine o'clock, I called to see my patient, and was met at the door by Mrs. Bradshaw. The tear which glistened in her eye, and the wanness of her cheek, convinced me that something was wrong. What could it be? I had hoped better things from appearances the evening before. "Has the cathartic I left last evening operated?" was my first utterance. "No," said she, "Frederick continued calm and apparently better for some hours after you left; but doctor,"—and the tears rushed from their fountains, and her sweet voice faltered, as she communicated the cause of her husband's relapse. It appeared that the sheriff had called to know what piece of Bradshaw's extensive property he should levy on; to satisfy a certain execution. It was the first time the law—"the perfection of human wisdom"—had encircled him within its mystic net; and to have his property seized on one execution, was to call down the full cry of the beagle money-lenders, from whom my wretched patient had been borrowing at the most usurious rates of interest, to sustain, as long as possible, his falling fortunes. His property was large, and sufficiently ample to meet all his debts, and yet leave him rich and independent; but, his illness had lately prevented his taking advantage of the chances that present themselves in daily trade. Gloomy, indeed, was the prospect now for his poorly-balanced mind to look upon. The fruit of his toil, his industry, and his intelligent enterprise, accumulating for years, and looked upon as the basis of indestructible wealth, now scattered like chaff before the winds of heaven—insufficient, however abundant, to bring under the sheriff's hammer, enough to meet a debt of any magnitude. It was also hinted to the poor maniac, that one heartless creditor, not expecting a sufficiency to meet his demand from any amount of property he might sell, would seize on the skeleton body of the debtor, to inhumate it in that charnel house of a prison—the disgrace of our growing city, and of a civilized people. Strange and monstrous atrocity of the human heart! Where nature inflicts, and misfortunes scathe—human sympathy forsakes its balmy influence, till the unfortunate becomes the bye-word of the throng; but the better feelings of the few, like the kindly tendrils round the stricken oak, still cling about the branch that has been shattered by the lightnings of heaven. I was in the maniac's apartment, but he heeded me not; his lips were moving in the frenzied accents of poetry. I listened, and there was something so strangely sane in the language of his song, that I am tempted to present it here, not as an anomaly, but as a peculiarity of his disease.

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In the mad ravings of yon busy town,  
I dreamt a dream of greatness.

Wealth

Had pour'd her lavish flagon in my lap,  
And the bright aspect of each coming year,  
Still bronzed the picture of my deep success,  
Earth's brightest visions seemed but realized.

When the fond cup was dashed—

I know not how.—

The dream passed over. Like a gifted cloud  
In the uncertain sunshine, it hath left  
Bright gleams of treasured memory.

"Frederick! dear Frederick!" said Mrs. Bradshaw, "the doctor has come to give you some medicine to relieve your head." "Ah!" said the maniac, staring his wife in the face, "heuteous personification of all that is great and good—thou art the nymph that presidest over the destiny of our young city. I have seen thee, like the fabled Venus, springing from the froth of the Cycloid Ægean—I have seen thee rise from the bright blue waters of old Michigan, and thou didst first come colourless and cloudy from the surface; but as thou didst ascend, thy form was moulded to a statue of silvery white; and, as the sweet sun of the morning threw his beams on thee like robes of splendour, thou didst shine forth a blazing form of bright and burnished gold; while a thousand skiffs of magic hue and beauty, bore thee to the happy shore." Ah, thou sweet creation of the divine mind! thou who hast promised us greatness, wilt thou not fulfil that promise! Thy votary am I, sweet nymph!—long, long, aye, long and fervently have I worshipped thee with praise and adoration, with hopes as bright as the bigot's faith—*yet have I been deceived—yet have my hopes been blasted!* See me now, fair nymph—the heaven which my soul aimed at, is a gloomy and chaotic mass—the shadows! the shadows!" Alas! for the poor maniac, the shadows were, indeed, flitting across his visions; but, they were the shadows of forgetfulness and oblivion. He sunk, unconscious of the efforts he had been making—so kindly has nature ordained, not only a limit to the exertions consequent on mental excitement, but also a relief, in the insensibility which generally ensues. Close by the maniac, sat his wretched wife; the tear was dry on her lid—her eye was full upon the haggard and now hideous countenance of the maniac husband. She stirred not—she moved not: No! not even a breath seemed to escape her—so calm, so placid, was that face of love which rested o'er his temporary repose.

\* The fancied vision of the maniac must have had its origin in the sublime spectacle that presents itself to the eye of the least imaginative, on the shores of Lake Michigan, immediately near Chicago. During the keen frosts of the winter, the early riser ought to behold the vapours ascending from the Lake; first, as the maniac observes, "colourless;" but as the first feeble rays of the sun rest upon them, they take on a silvery white, as they ascend, presenting to the observer's eye, ten thousand varied forms of palaces and castles—of "cloud-capped towers," and airy mansions—of flitting shapes—of primeval Eves, decked in all the hues of ethereal splendour. As the bright luminary of day advances, these light and airy forms assume the brilliancy of "burnished gold."

It might be, that the sweet voice of praise dedicated to the phantom of his wild imagination, in the person of her who stood before him, was a balm to her feelings, to still and to quiet them. It might be, that fond memory brought to her soul, the treasured hours when she was the object and nymph of his idolatry. But no!—her silence, was the silence of despair!—her quiet, the repose of grief.

"The grief that does not speak,

Whispers the o'er-worked heart, and bids it break."

Her heart was broken—her cup of sorrows was full. Disease, secret, untold, and consuming disease, had already marked her as its victim. Sickening and sorrowing did I hear, from her own lips, the dire and certain symptoms of what is vulgarly, though not inaptly, termed "a hasty consumption," which she had hitherto concealed, lest she might have been prevented from waiting on the husband of her affections. My very heart sunk within me, as she unfolded the wretched and abhorred tale of evening fevers, profuse night-sweats, constricted feeling of acute pain in the chest, with the tickling sensation, and dry hacking cough that followed. Great God! thought I, in the anguish of my soul, what can I do under such accumulated misery. Shall I, or can I, by any human power, raise the maniac to a sense of his utter wretchedness! or is the power yet mine, as the instrument of heaven's charity, to ward off the fell and venomous disease that preys on the very vitals of my sweet and virtuous patient. Merciful heaven, aid me in thy cause, to relieve the distressed, and to comfort the afflicted! With an effort to conceal the bitter and hopeless feelings that crowded on me, I requested Mrs. Bradshaw to take some repose, after her night's watching, and promised that I would attend on Frederick. As she rose to depart, she was attacked with a violent fit of coughing, at first, harsh and dry, but followed by a profuse spitting of blood. I saw, at once, that a small blood-vessel in the lungs, had given way, and ordering her to bed, took a large quantity of blood from the arm, *ad deliquium animæ*. She was soon relieved, and I left, with strict injunctions to perfect quiet and repose, intending to find a man to wait on the poor maniac.

Having called in Bradshaw's room, to see if he still continued calm, what was my astonishment, when I beheld—(gentle reader! withhold your smiles, in pity, at the scene I must unfold; for as I am writing narrative, and not fiction, I can conceal nothing in the history of my patient; yet, oh! that mine should be the pen to indite the humiliating scene that, for the first time, cast the mantle of ridicule over the dignified and accomplished Bradshaw!)—strutting through the room, with a martial air, and a large plume of ostrich-feathers nodding from the red flannel night-cap with which his shaven head was covered—a flashy silk handkerchief tied about his waist, with his cane run through, in the fashion of a sword—the erect and graceful figure of the

maniac speculator! He recognized me immediately, and shaking hands very affectionately, "My dear doctor," said he, "I have been wishing to shew you some proof of my friendship, and at last, the Secretary . . . has put it in my power to do so. Wearied and annoyed by the futile efforts of G— and J— in the south, the government has appointed me to put an end to the war with Oscola. Ha! faith, don't you think 'twas a good choice. I will show the pious generals the way to check the rebel and fiery southerners. None of your modern warfare—they must be subdued as Cæsar subdued the Allobroges, or as Anthony did the savages of Illyricum." I was perfectly overcome by the conviction that the character of Bradshaw's disease had changed, and that he was now a *confirmed madman*. I had some trouble in getting him to bed, to which he at length consented, only from the idea I suggested of his starting early next morning, on his campaign. After an hour's absence, I returned with a man to attend on Bradshaw, and found, to my great sorrow, that he had been up, and haranguing his soldiers, in so loud and forcible a manner, that poor Emma, though in a profuse perspiration, left her bed to watch her frantic husband. I found no difficulty in convincing the new general, that the gentleman I introduced was his aid, and that he would attend to the drudgery of business, whilst the general took the repose necessary to the successful commencement of so fatiguing a campaign. The wife retired to her bed with a cold chill, from which I, of course, anticipated much danger. Evening came on, and whilst the maniac continued comparatively calm and easy, the wife exhibited symptoms of a very dangerous character—the constriction of the chest revived with increased energy—her face became flushed, and high fever ensued. A large blister to the chest did not, by the next morning, remove the feeling of oppression; and her present debility was such, as to leave me no resource but in the use of anodynes. I employed them during the day, and satisfied her frequent enquiries about her husband. He, it would appear, began to improve with his new appointment, whilst he kept his supposed aid continually employed in preparations for his campaign. The intelligence of his improvement in bodily health, was, to his poor wife, as the harbinger of peace—the hope of all her earthly wishes; but to me, alas! the prospect was far otherwise. My professional knowledge satisfied me, that Frederick Bradshaw was a *hopeless and a confirmed maniac*.

Heartless and callous as our profession is generally considered, who is there, with a heart moulded in human fashion, could witness such miseries—so much virtue, truth, love, sentiment, and loveliness on one side—so much talent, knowledge, dignity, and manhood on the other, whirled from the giddy height of glittering prosperity, and sunk under the accumulated miseries of disease, poverty,

and death, and not feel the secret and mysterious tie that binds man to his fellow.

Would to God the calling had not been mine! or, that I had had the power to rescue those bright ones of the earth, whose fate seems to be the moral of that sublime, though incomprehensible truth, that "the rain shall fall upon the just, as well as on the unjust." Having engaged another physician to attend to my town-patients, I devoted the whole day to Mrs. Bradshaw. Her disease was the most powerful I ever witnessed, owing, no doubt, to the length of time she concealed it from my knowledge, and the naturally delicate character of the formation of her chest. Evening brought on an exacerbation of the disease, and the severity of her pain could only be allayed by anodynes. About ten o'clock she was easier, and made some inquiries about her husband. All at once, her countenance changed, and there was a gurgling sound—she seemed almost dying. After an hysterical cough, she became better. Her countenance now brightened—her eyes grew lustrous—her cheeks assumed a faint red, and her lips murmured in audible prayer, for her insane husband.

Reader! spare me—my heart chokes—my pen fails me. I cannot—indeed I cannot—unfold to the world's gaze, the few last hours of human wretchedness that terminated, at once, the life and the sorrows of the maniac's wife. The next morning found her habited in the garments of the grave! Her heart was broken by the sorrows of earth; but her spirit was undimmed, and sought its kindred in heaven.

A few months have passed, and Frederick Bradshaw remains the same, only that he has given up his southern campaign, and is now engaged in arranging the perverted currency of the country. He displays considerable talents as a financier, and proposes to make gold and silver more portable, by some chemical secret, that it may answer for our exchanges, to the entire exclusion of "*rag money*." Who can say that the dispensations of Providence are not wise! Who would, if he had the power, restore the visionary to the *light and knowledge* of his degradation, and his bereavement!

Truly, it is said, that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

#### A MORAL REFLECTION.

*On sending a half-ounce scale, or weighing machine, [such as may be now seen exhibited in the shops for the minute weighing of letters.] to the Rev. Mr. B—.*

By scale and weight, each neighbour strives to scan,  
The faults and merits of his fellow-man,  
Relentlessly exacting the least grain  
That mercy, or benevolence would fain  
Into the heap gratuitously throw,  
A boon to charity and human woe!

Ah! should the great, the mighty Lord of all,  
Who holds the balance that sustains the ball,  
By the same niggard rule adjust the scale,  
That weighs eternity,—of what avail  
Were cry for mercy at that dread assize,  
That deals or death—or life,—immortal prize!—  
(Oh! when before the judgment-throne on high,  
May Mercy give, what Justice would deny.

W. A.

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## THE STRANDED WHALE ON CHARMOUTH BEACH.

On the morning of February 5, last, as the day broke, an enormous mass was seen by the coast-guard, floating with the tide toward Charmouth Beach, Dorsetshire; it was at first supposed to be a drifting wreck, but as soon as it grounded among the breakers, which were then running high, it was perceived to be some vast fish, for the moment it felt the shore, it raised, with the tail and fins, such a commotion as made the stones, sand, and water, mingled together, to fly in clouds all around. This desperate effort to escape, owing to the position of its tail, which inclined outwardly, rather served to bring it in further to shore, but at the same time to exhaust its power. It having become faint, and, therefore, less dangerous to approach, by the momentary advantage of a retiring wave, a rope was thrown over the back, and at the instant of the tail being raised for another tremendous blow, it was seized on the other side by a venturesome coast-guardsmen; who sweeping it under, along the ground, carried the end in again, and thus secured the tail in the bight of the rope: by hauling on, as the breakers temporarily raised the mass, the body was brought broadside to the waves, and so was continually driven in as the tide advanced. In about an hour from its first struggle the poor creature was totally exhausted, fell on its side with the back inland, and at length became motionless, and died. A rope was then fastened round the lateral fin, and many willing helpers having arrived, an endeavour was made to haul the carcass beyond the reach of tide; but this was unable to be effected, till a large wave reaching the mass, raised it up, turned it over, and left it at the top of high-water mark. The coast-guard naturally thought, as they had caught it alive, they had a right to it; why, therefore, should all the people look at their fish for nothing! they, therefore, brought a tarpaulin, and covering it from the head as far as they could, began, like all regular exhibitors, to ask their fee, which was just whatever they could get, from twopence and upward. They did not long enjoy their little brief authority; for the Lord of the

Manor arrived, and gave them to understand, that he had an undoubted title to all drifts on the shore. However, as they had taken so much trouble to secure his property, they should get it up into his court-yard in the village, and receive all profits from showing it, for three days. In order to effect its removal, a team of four horses was brought and yoked to a chain round the tail—but this proved totally ineffectual—it remained firm-fixed. The body was, therefore, finally obliged to be cut into pieces, with knives, cutlasses, and saws, till it lay divided into three parts. By this time, a waggon and a timber-crane were procured, and the attempt was made to heave the tail part into the carriage—about a third of the portion was raised almost half as high as the waggon, but the other end was immovable. Upon this it had to be again subdivided, and the head was cut directly through the brain, where the bone was four feet across, and fourteen inches thick: about a foot further, and the head would have come off complete—thus, being in five parts, and after three day's labour, the mangled body was got into the court-yard, and sixpences began to pour in—the price of exhibition. The three days exhibition, it is said, brought more than 20*l.* to the exhibitors, twelve in number, from which amount they paid for carriage and labour about 6*l.*, and shared among themselves the remainder. The scene that ensued was perfectly hyperborean: some took a lump of fat, others a steak to fry or salt; the more nice skinned off the edges of the tail and fins—while gentlefolks, against all law of my Lord of the Manor, bit by bit, got all the whale-bone from the upper jaw—thus the work of exhibition and devastation continued till the 14th, when the whole mass was sold to an inhabitant on speculation, to obtain oil from the fat, manure from the lean, and money from the curious who might wish to visit the skeleton.

The following particulars may interest the naturalist:—The fish was apparently a young female, about half-grown, in a very sickly condition when cast a-shore—it had many wounds in the fat of the back, as if from mus-

ket balls, or sword-fish, which did not penetrate more than one or two inches;—the species was thought to be *Balanoptera boops*, or *acuto rostrata*, to each of which it answered, except that it had no ridge on the back; the colour was a fine blue-black on all the upper parts, and white on the lower; the throat, breast, and abdomen were wrinkled with longitudinal plaits, or folds. Length from nose to division of tail, forty feet six inches; extreme length, forty-four feet. Girth before the lateral fins, twenty-one feet. Fins, placed ten feet six inches from extremity of the nose; length, five feet six inches; width, one foot six inches. Eye directly over the angle of the jaw: upper jaw, eight feet: under jaw, nine feet. Length of whalebone at largest, one foot six inches. Back fin, one foot six inches. Breadth of tail, nine feet.

Weight supposed about twenty tons: the fat varied from one to four inches thick.

The sale, though much mismanaged, produced not less than 100*l*.

#### ST. MARY MAGDALEN CHURCH, OXFORD.

It appears, on the authority of Mr. Derick, that the masonry and construction of the original chancel of St. Mary Magdalen Church, Oxford, is the work of the twelfth century, though little of the original work now remains. The very singular and interesting east window, which has given rise to much discussion as to its age, he showed to be of the fourteenth century, by careful drawings and sections of details: this window is remarkably plain, though belonging to the style called "decorated." The north aisle is the work of the thirteenth century, though much mutilated. The beautiful south aisle, or chapel, is of the time of Edward the Second, and supposed to be founded by that monarch as a chapel to the monastery of the Carmelites or White Friars, he having given them his palace of Beaumont for their monastery, in fulfilment of a vow made at the battle of Bannockburn, by the advice of his confessor, who was a monk of this fraternity. The nave and tower were rebuilt in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and in the tower a quantity of old materials, brought from Rowley Abbey at the time the church there was pulled down, are built into the later work. Mr. Derick showed, by his drawings and sections, that the very singular window on the west side of the tower is quite of the French flamboyant character, not only in its general bearings, but also in its mouldings and details; and by the manner in which it is built into the other work, must have been brought from some other building, not only the style, but the masonry being quite different from that of the tower itself. He then supported the conclusions he had drawn, from the examination of the building, by extracts from Dugdale and Anthony Wood.—*Oxford Herald*.

#### New Books.

*Sketches of Young Couples.* By the author of "Sketches of Young Gentlemen." [Chapman and Hall.]

[A RIGHT whimsical review, indeed, does this quizzical brochure make, of all the married couples in the United Kingdom. Whether they be, as the titular *capita* have it, "The young couple," "The nice little couple," "The couple who coddle themselves," or "The cool couple,"—one and all are cleverly touched by the satirically-pointed pen of the shrewd sketcher. As a sample of the rest we select "The couple who dote on their children,"—but, at the same time, say, that if the Roman Cornelia was ever as love-sick of her "jewels" as the Whiffers below, heaven forbid us both from one and the other.]

#### *The Couple who dote upon their Children.*

The couple who dote upon their children have usually a great many of them: six or eight at least. The children are either the healthiest in all the world, or the most unfortunate in existence. In either case they are equally the theme of their doting parents, and equally a source of mental anguish and irritation to their doting parents' friends. The couple who dote upon their children recognise no dates but those connected with their births, accidents, illnesses, or remarkable deeds. They keep a mental almanack with a vast number of Imocent's days, all in red letters. They recollect the last coronation, because on that day little Tom fell down the kitchen stairs; the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, because it was on the fifth of November that Ned asked whether wooden legs were made in heaven, and cocked hats grew in gardens. Mrs. Whiffer will never cease to recollect the last day of the old year as long as she lives, for it was on that day that the baby had the four red spots on its nose which they took for measles: nor Christmas day, for twenty-one days after Christmas day the twins were born; nor Good Friday, for it was on a Good Friday that she was frightened by the donkey-cart when she was in the family-way with Georgiana. The moveable feasts have no motion for Mr. and Mrs. Whiffer, but remain pinned down tight and fast to the shoulders of some small child, from whom they can never be separated any more.

As we have already intimated, the children of this couple can know no medium. They are either prodigies of good health, or prodigies of bad health; whatever they are, they must be prodigies. Mr. Whiffer must have to describe at his office such execrinating agonies constantly undergone by his eldest boy, as nobody else's eldest boy ever underwent; or he must be able to declare that there never was a child endowed with such amazing health, such an indomitable constitution, and such a cast-iron frame, as his child. His children must be, in some respect or other, above and

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beyond the children of all other people. To such an extent is this feeling pushed, that we were once slightly acquainted with a lady and gentleman who carried their heads so high, and became so proud, after their youngest child fell out of a two-pair-of-stairs window without hurting himself much, that the greater part of their friends were obliged to forego their acquaintance.

If a friend happen to dine in a friendly way with one of these couples who dote upon their children, it is nearly impossible for him to divert the conversation from their favourite topic. Every thing reminds Mr. Whiffler of Ned, or Mrs. Whiffler of Mary Anne, or of the time before Ned was born, or the time before Mary Anne was thought of. The slightest remark, however harmless in itself, will awaken slumbering recollections of the twins. It is impossible to steer clear of them. They will come uppermost, let the poor man do what he may. Ned has been known to be lost sight of for half an hour, Dick has been forgotten, the name of Mary Anne has not been mentioned, but the twins will out. Nothing can keep down the twins. "It's a very extraordinary thing, Saunders," says Mr. Whiffler to the visitor, "but—you have seen our little babies, the—the—twins!" The friend's heart sinks within him as he answers, "Oh, yes—often." "Your talking of the pyramids," says Mr. Whiffler, quite as a matter of course, "reminds me of the twins. It's a very extraordinary thing about those babies—what colour should you say their eyes were?" "Upon my word," the friend stammers, "I hardly know how to answer,"—the fact being, that except as the friend does not remember to have heard of any departure from the ordinary course of nature in the instance of these twins, they may have no eyes at all, for aught he has observed to the contrary. "You wouldn't say they were red, I suppose?" says Mr. Whiffler. The friend hesitates, and rather thinks they are; but, inferring from the expression of Mr. Whiffler's face that red is not the colour, smiles with some confidence, and says, "No, no! very different from that." "What should you say to blue?" says Mr. Whiffler. The friend glances at him, and, observing a different expression in his face, ventures to say, "I should say they were blue—a decided blue." "To be sure!" cries Mr. Whiffler, triumphantly, "I knew you would! But what should you say if I was to tell you that the boy's eyes are blue, and the girl's hazel, eh?" "Impossible!" exclaims the friend, not at all knowing why it should be impossible. "A fact, notwithstanding," cries Mr. Whiffler; "and let me tell you, Saunders, that's not a common thing in twins, or a circumstance that'll happen every day." In this dialogue Mrs. Whiffler, as being deeply responsible for the twins, their charms and singularities, has taken no share; but she now relates, in broken English, a witticism of little Dick's, bearing upon the subject just discussed,

which delights Mr. Whiffler beyond measure, and causes him to declare, that he would have sworn that was Dick's, if he had heard it any where. Then he requests that Mrs. Whiffler will tell Saunders what Tom said about mad bulls; and Mrs. Whiffler relating the anecdote, a discussion ensues upon the different character of Tom's wit and Dick's wit, from which it appears that Dick's humour is of a lively turn, while Tom's style is the dry and caustic. This discussion being enlivened by various illustrations, lasts a long time, and is only stopped by Mrs. Whiffler instructing the footman to ring the nursery bell, as the children were promised that they should come down and taste the pudding. The friend turns pale when this order is given, and paler still, when it is followed up by a great pattering on the staircase (not unlike the sound of rain upon a skylight), a violent bursting open of the dining-room door, and the tumultuous appearance of six small children, closely succeeded by a strong nursery-maid with a twin in each arm. As the whole eight are screaming, shouting, or kicking—some influenced by a ravenous appetite, some by a horror of the stranger, and some by a conflict of the two feelings—a pretty long space elapses before all their heads can be ranged round the table, and any thing like order restored; in bringing about which happy state of things, both the nurse and footman are severely scratched. At length Mrs. Whiffler is heard to say, "Mr. Saunders, shall I give you some pudding?" A breathless silence ensues, and sixteen small eyes are fixed upon the guest in expectation of his reply. A wild shout of joy proclaims that he has said "No, thank you." Spoons are waved in the air, legs appear above the table-cloth in uncontrollable ecstacy, and eighty short fingers dabble in damson syrup. While the pudding is being disposed of, Mr. and Mrs. Whiffler look on with beaming countenances; and Mr. Whiffler, nudging his friend Saunders, begs him to take notice of Tom's eyes, or Dick's chin, or Ned's nose, or Mary Anne's hair, or Emily's figure, or little Bob's calves, or Fanny's mouth, or Cary's head, as the case may be. Whatever the attention of Mr. Saunders is called to, Mr. Saunders admires of course; though he is rather confused about the sex of the youngest branches, and looks at the wrong children, turning to a girl when Mr. Whiffler directs his attention to a boy, and falling into raptures with a boy, when he ought to be enchanted with a girl. Then the dessert comes, and there is a vast deal of scrambling after fruit, and sudden spitting forth of juice out of tight oranges into infant's eyes, and much screeching and wailing in consequence. At length it becomes time for Mrs. Whiffler to retire, and all the children are, by force of arms, compelled to kiss and love Mr. Saunders before going up stairs.

Mr. Whiffler and his friend are left alone together, but Mr. Whiffler's thoughts are still

with his family, if his family are not with him. "Saunders," says he, after a short silence, "if you please, we'll drink Mrs. Whiffler and the children." Mr. Saunders feels this to be a reproach against himself for not proposing the same sentiment, and drinks it in some confusion. "Ah!" Mr. Whiffler sighs, "these children, Saunders, make one quite an old man." Mr. Saunders thinks that if they were his, they would make him a very old man; but he says nothing. "And yet," pursues Mr. Whiffler, "what can equal domestic happiness! What can equal the engaging ways of children! Saunders, why don't you get married?" Now, this is an embarrassing question, because Mr. Saunders has been thinking that if he had at any time entertained matrimonial designs, the revelation of that day would surely have routed them for ever. "I am glad, however," says Mr. Whiffler, "that you are a bachelor,—glad on one account, Saunders;—a selfish one, I admit. Will you do Mrs. Whiffler and myself a favour?" Mr. Saunders is surprised, evidently surprised; but he replies, "With the greatest pleasure." "Then, will you, Saunders," says Mr. Whiffler, in an impressive manner, "will you cement and consolidate our friendship by coming into the family (so to speak) as a godfather?" "I shall be proud and delighted," replies Mr. Saunders. "Which of the children is it! really I thought they were all christened; or—" "Saunders," Mr. Whiffler interposes, "they are all christened; you are right. The fact is that Mrs. Whiffler is—in short, we expect another." "Not a ninth!" cries the friend, all aghast at the idea. "Yes, Saunders," rejoins Mr. Whiffler, solemnly, "a ninth. Did we drink Mrs. Whiffler's health! Let us drink it again, Saunders, and wish her well over it!"

Dr. Johnson used to tell a story of a man who had but one idea, which was a wrong one. The couple who dote upon their children are in the same predicament: at home or abroad, at all times, and in all places, their thoughts are bound up in this one subject, and have no sphere beyond. They relate the clever things their offspring say or do, and weary every company with their prolixity and absurdity. Mr. Whiffler takes a friend by the button at a street corner on a windy day, to tell him a *bon mot* of his youngest boy's; and Mrs. Whiffler, calling to see a sick acquaintance, entertains her with a cheerful account of all her own past sufferings and present expectations.

Self-love and egotism are bad qualities, of which the unrestrained exhibition, though it may be sometimes amusing, never fails to be wearisome and unpleasant. Couples who dote upon their children, therefore, are best avoided.

*Narrative of a Journey from Caunpoor to the Boorendo Pass in the Himalaya Mountains, &c.* By Major Sir William Lloyd. Edited by his Son. [Madden and Co.]

[In no zone of the earth, may the traveller meet with grander sceneries, than among the great ranges of the Himalaya Mountains. Under every phase of Nature, they are uniformly magnificent, whether embedded in massy shadow, or prominent in strong sunlight. Famous regions, therefore, are they, for the traveller and contemplatist. In both of these capacities appears Sir William; and the few passages below, will be enough to assure the reader, of a mind widely awake to the high sublimities of Nature's scenes, and of a bold and glowing hand, that knows well how to describe what his mind hath pondered on.]

#### *Storms among the Mountains.*

Yesterday evening, there was a thunder-storm, accompanied with hail. It was fearfully sublime. The huge clouds girdled with lightning, rolled among the mountains, and the thunder burst so frequently, that it seemed almost to crack the firmament, while the wind hurried whistling through the gloomy woods. The vapoury masses then lowered into the valleys beneath, and hid them from us, and the snowy Himalaya was all that we saw. Between, was a surging ocean of clouds, through which rugged peaks arose, like enormous breakers. As the tempest passed, height after height towered majestically, glowing with the crimson sun-flood of the evening, and threw their large purpled shadows far and wide upon the dispersing clouds, and the dismembered ridges that peered above them. All became at last distinct, and the air was still.

#### *The Himalaya's at Sunset.*

It was now evening, and the majestic view before us, charmed us into silence. The nearer hills appeared like swelling shadows in an ocean of ethereal purple. As range upon range rose higher and higher, the tints grew more delicate and natural; and those upon which the sun still shone, were vivid and instinct with brightness. Above them rose the massive, yet airy deserts, and peaks of eternal snow. There is nothing so soothing to the mind as the loveliness of creation combined with vastness and tranquility. It was before us. As the sun declined, in one brief instant, the whiteness of the Snowy Range vanished, and it appeared glowing in the majesty of glory, like an immeasurable and stupendous wilderness of rocks of gold! Then, as the sun sunk deeper, hue upon hue of the lesser ranges, verged into uniformity: while the lofty pinnacles of the Himalaya shone in rich splendour. They too, at length, grew shadowy and indistinct, and were at last gradually obliterated by the all-presiding darkness of night.

#### *Mode of Carriage by the Chumpalas.*

The chumpaun, or, as it is more frequently called, the chumpala, is the usual vehicle in which persons of distinction, especially females,

are carried, when travelling amongst these mountains. The body of it is a square or oblong frame, made of split bamboos, with a pent-roof-top of the same material, and the whole is generally covered with white or red cloth. It is barely sufficient for a person to lie in. To the sides, at the bottom, two stout bamboo poles are fastened, which are twelve or more feet in length, by which it is carried in different ways by the hill-porters, according to the nature of the road; and as the ascents and descents are very frequent and steep, a contrivance has been resorted to, in order to ease the labour of bearing it in one particular position. This is done by a cord tied across the poles at each end of the chumpala, in the centre of which cord also, is fastened a shorter bamboo pole, which, being moveable in every direction, forms an axle upon the shoulders of the bearers as they stand before each other, by which all sudden jerks are avoided, as it allows the body of the machine to sway to and fro. As the road happens to be either easy or difficult, eight, twelve, or sixteen persons are requisite for one chumpala, some of whom, in dangerous places, walk beside it, to steady it. The chumpalas which are used by females of distinction, are covered with the finest scarlet broad-cloth, richly embroidered with gold or silver, and the ends of the bamboo poles are likewise ornamented with gilt knobs. They also shut close, to screen the person entirely from the sight of the inquisitive. There is another conveyance which is much more in use than the chumpala. This is the doolee. It is merely a hammock, fastened to a strong bamboo pole, and is carried upon the shoulders of two or four men.

*The Author touched by the solemnity of a great scene.*

13th June, Camp at the Leetee Torrent, 4 m. 4 f.—Early this morning, the weather became clear, and I left my fellow travellers in the tent, and determined to climb to the summit of the western peak, above the pass. I experienced much labour in this attempt, as the fragments over which I clambered, were but moderately firm. However, I persevered, and at length stood on the top. The sky was intensely blue, and of a receding vastness. The air was still, cold, and oppressively pure. From hence, I saw the snow-clad ranges of the further Himalaya, running from N.W. to E., an assemblage, as it were, of all the mountains of the world. Looking to the south, I saw the mountains near the Choor Pahar, and had it not been for the haze in that direction, I should have seen the distant plains. I sat down on the summit of the peak. I was alone, and how elevated! The prospect on all sides so vast, that it seemed boundless. Here, indeed, desolation veiled in mystery, and surrounded by invisible, but dreadful ministers, reigned supreme, throned on the sepulchre of countless snow-storms. Above me was the deep splendour of the hea-

vens, around me the winning beauty of serenity, beneath me the all-gorgeous magnificence of the world! I felt that I was among the lowest, under the glowing sapphire-footstool of the Beneficent. How infinite the mind! how finite the frame! The mind infinite, for it embraced easily the vision of the earth; the frame finite, for what was I, compared with that which I beheld above, around, and beneath! The taught pride of human nature broke, and the heavenliness of humility was felt. Alas! why cannot all men smile when they pray; rejoice, when they meet; and, for the briefness of this existence, enjoy the gladness of creation! All that can make us happy has been bestowed upon us, without scant or tithe, and the waters of life flow now from the cleared source. Even eternal life has been revealed from His hallowed lips! Away with worldly consecrations! Let man bow his stately form in humility to his Creator, and, in the steadfastness of confidence, trust to His paternal mercy, and rejoice in vitality!

#### UNIVERSITY AT BONN.

At Bonn, the students are distinguished by the colour of their caps. The white caps are the *elite* of the University and the nobility, who pay a certain sum to enter the society. They are generally the most gentlemanly-looking; and you would suppose they would be the best conducted amongst the scholars, but there are some exceptions. Prince Albert, or, as some of the French journals designate him, "Le Roi d'Angleterre," was, perhaps, the best-mannered of all; quiet, orderly, always keeping good hours, and respected by everybody there. I believe he did not enter the White Cap Society. The other colours are looked upon as inferior to the Whites. There are nine altogether, each colour designating a certain district; but it frequently happens, that no one of the members comes from these districts. Green, for Westphalia; Red is Hanseatic; &c. You enter these at your pleasure, without paying.—*Extracted from a Letter in the Times Journal.*

#### A FIELD OF BATTLE.

THE battle of Eylau, fought on the 8th of February, 1807, was a scene of carnage which lasted from morning until night. Let any one imagine to himself, upon the space of a square league, nine or ten thousand dead bodies, four or five thousand horses killed, whole lines of Russian knapsacks, broken pieces of muskets and sabres, the ground covered with cannonballs, howitzer-shells, and ammunition, twenty-four pieces of cannon, near which were lying the bodies of their drivers, killed at the moment when they were striving to carry them off!—and all this was the more conspicuous, as the ground was covered with snow. About noon on the 9th, Napoleon rode over the field. The



emperor stopped continually to question the wounded, to console and succour as many as possible. The Russians, instead of the death they expected, found a generous conqueror, and, prostrating themselves before him, held up their hands in token of their gratitude."—*Napoleon at Eylau.*

### The Public Journals.

*The London Magazine, Charivari, &c.*  
No. II. [Simpkin and Marshall.]

["*Mater pulchra filia pulchrior*," the first number of this monthly was good, the second hath added to its graces. We chiefly value it for a paper on the Painters of Spain, which contains in itself much marrow of sound and wholesome information, calculated to strengthen the mind of the reader,—to make it fuller and of a healthier tone. Like pearls strung at random, there are also some charming little articles scattered up and down—sunshiny lays and legends—one of which, in some shape or other, we bind ourselves to notice, treating on the love-songs of the minstrels of sweet Provence. We have not "room and verge enough," in this current number of ours, or we would give it; but if the reader be in a hurry, we recommend him to buy the March number, or—wait till next week:—]

### MASTERS OF THE SPANISH SCHOOL.

#### PAINTING.

With the history of Spanish art,—with the progress and maturity of painting in the Peninsula, a very imperfect acquaintance prevails in this country. The names of Murillo and Velasquez are well known on the continent of Europe; and many of their pictures have travelled to England; but few of the other great Spanish artists are known even by name beyond the Pyrenees. Yet from the commencement of the sixteenth to the conclusion of the seventeenth century, there was a series of great masters in that noble country, of whose works we are almost totally ignorant. We feel assured, therefore, that we shall be executing an agreeable task for our readers generally, in presenting them with a sketch of the most distinguished painters of Spain, with a slight notice of their principal works—our leading authority being the accurate Ceán Bermudez.

*Luis de Vargas*, whose pictures bear a strong resemblance to the school of Raffaele, was born at Seville, in 1502; and returned to his native city, after twenty-eight years of study in Italy. The earliest known work of Vargas, in Seville, is the altar-piece of the Birth of Christ, in the cathedral—a beautiful composition. But his most celebrated painting is that known by the name of the "Gamba," from the extraordinary manner in which the leg of Adam appears to project from the canvass. We are told that Alesio, a Roman scholar of Michael Angelo, after finishing the gigantic picture of Christopher,

in the same part of the church, exclaimed, looking at this picture of Vargas, "Piu vale la tua gamba, che il mio Sn. Cristoforo." (Your leg is worth my whole saint.)

Vargas was remarkable for his extreme piety, according to the notions of that day. After his death, the instruments of his penance, and the coffin (in which he was wont to lay himself and contemplate death), were found in his chamber. His works at this day are rare even in Spain, and greatly prized.

Two Flemings, named *Frutet* and *Campana*, painted at Seville, about the year 1550. They had studied successfully in the Roman and Florentine schools. The Altar-piece, by Campana, in the Capella del Mariscal of the cathedral, and his descent from the cross, now in the sacristy, are both fine pictures. It is recorded of Murillo, that, when some one asked him what he was waiting for, as he stood gazing on this latter work, he replied, "I only wait till those holy men shall have taken down our Lord's body."

*Alonso Sanchez Coello* was born in the province of Valencia, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. So great a favourite was this artist with Philip II. (the successor of Charles the Fifth,) that even the haughty coldness of his personal character was subdued, and the stiff etiquette of a Spanish court broken through in his favour. It is said that the king would enter the apartments of the painter by a master-key, surprise him at table or at his easel, place his hands on his shoulder, and converse without suffering him to rise. He often wrote to him as his "amado hijo" (beloved child.)

*Juan Fernandez Navarrete* born at Logrono about 1526, was surnamed "El Mudo," from being dumb. His inclination for painting was first shown by attempting in his childhood to imitate with charcoal any thing that struck his fancy. A curious contract is recorded between him and the monks of the Escorial, by which he undertook to execute thirty-two pictures for their church, of various specified dimensions. The dumb painter was forbidden to introduce any cat, dog, or other unbecoming figure; all were to be saints, and the accessories calculated to excite devotional feeling. The last clause was probably inserted, in consequence of his having placed a cat and dog fighting in a Holy Family which he had painted for the cloister, and thereby perhaps provoked the laughter of some incautious novice. Fernandez did not live long enough to complete his gigantic undertaking. The eight first pictures, representing Apostles and Evangelists, are still to be seen in the church of the Escorial; and they are almost equal to Fra Bartolomeo in dignity, and to Titian in colour.

Navarrete died at Toledo in 1579; and the Padre Siguenza said hardly too much, when he affirmed that it was worth a long journey to the Escorial, only to see the works of this great man.

*Luis de Morales*, surnamed—either from the sacred character of his subjects, or his excellence and beauty of expression, "*El Divino*," was born at Badajoz about the beginning of the sixteenth century. The force and beauty of expression of his Virgins and *Ecco Homos* are undeniable.

*Vincent Joanes*, the great leader of the Valencian school, was born in 1523. Joanes threw into his heads of the Saviour a very fine character of tranquil dignity. His *Last Supper* is a striking composition; and his series of five pictures of the martyrdom of St. Stephen, are admirable works of art.

The Escorial was the darling object of Philip the Second's zeal; and the expense which he lavished upon its completion was imperial. The admixture of monastic solemnity with regal splendour appears to have accorded perfectly with his character and feelings. During the progress of the edifice it was his custom to watch the growing fabric from the brow of an adjoining mountain. In his last illness he lay at full length in the royal tribune, with his eyes fixed on the high altar, and the solemn service of the church ringing hourly in his ears, until he actually expired within the walls of his own magnificent temple. The devotion of this monarch to the superb completion of the Escorial attracted a number of Italian artists to his court.

The seventeenth century was the golden age of Spanish art, and many of the Italian school were immeasurably inferior to their contemporaries, *Velasquez* and *Quibaran*.

*Francisco de Ribalta*, one of the most distinguished ornaments of the school of Valencia, was born towards the conclusion of the sixteenth century. Like *Quentin Matsys*, the blacksmith of Antwerp, he was in a great measure indebted to love, for his distinction as a painter.

*Francisco Pacheco* was born at Seville, probably in the year 1571. He was inspector of pictures to the inquisition. The holy office maintained strict watch over all paintings of sacred subjects exposed for sale in shops or public places, lest any breach of decorum should scandalise good Catholics. Any pictures which appeared likely to offend, were seized and conveyed to the tribunal of the Inquisition, where they, as well as the unlucky painter and vendor, were corrected in due form.

*Francisco de Herrera, el Viejo* (the elder), was a contemporary of *Pacheco*; and *Velasquez* was a disciple of his. *Herrera* was the first who abandoned the careful and rather timid manner of his predecessors. He employed the very coarsest pencils. He was excessively fond of engraving on brass, and had thereby subjected himself to a suspicion of coining. On this account he took refuge in the hermitage of St. Hermenegild, then belonging to the Jesuits, and there painted his large picture of that royal martyr in glory, his head cloven with the hatchet.

*Diego Velasquez de Sylva*, the greatest painter (*Murillo* alone excepted), of all whom Seville produced, or the schools of Spain can boast, was born in the year 1599, of parents whose family came originally from Portugal. In 1622 he made a journey to Madrid; and, in the following year, the Count-Duke of Olivares bestowed on him a pension, with the title of Painter to the King.

*Francisco Zurbaran*—who has been deservedly called the Spanish *Caravaggio*, was born at Fuente de Cantos, in Estremadura, in 1598, and his parents sent him to the school of *Roelas*, in Seville. His "*chef d'œuvre*" is his picture of St. Thomas Aquinas, in the college of Santo Tomas—undoubtedly one of the very finest pictures in the world. In the course of the late war, it was brought to Paris, but has since been restored to its original place. St. Thomas is represented in the clouds between the four doctors of the Latin church; and above, in glory, Christ is seen with the Virgin, St. Paul, and St. Dominic. At the bottom of all kneels the Archbishop *Diego Deza*, the founder of the college, on one side, and on the other, Charles V. in his imperial crown and mantle. Nothing can be more perfect than the four doctors of the church in this picture. The Duke of Dalmatia (Marshal Soult) possesses twelve of *Zurbaran's* pictures, and there is a very fine one in the Munich Gallery.

*Alonso Cano*, a native of Grenada, was born in 1601. He studied painting in the schools of *Pacheco* and *Castillo*. His character was singular, and his temper very hasty. When the auditor of Grenada did not appear to set a sufficient value upon a St. Anthony which *Cano* had executed by his orders, the artist destroyed it before his face. The choir of the Cathedral of Malaga he left unfinished for the same reason. On his death-bed he is said to have put aside a crucifix offered him by the priest, because it was badly executed, and thus to have shown the ruling passion for art even in his last moments.

*Cano's* merits as a painter are very great. His most beautiful works are his pictures of the Virgin and Child, in which the form of the face, the tenderness of feeling, and the exquisite drawing of the extremities, are alike remarkable.

*Bartolome Esteban Murillo*—whose name is so widely celebrated, and who, in foreign countries, is almost the only representative of the Spanish school—was born at Seville on the 1st of January, 1638. By some, he is incorrectly stated to have been a native of Pilas. Many of his pictures are now to be seen in the salons of Marshal Soult, who appears to have reserved for himself the best portion of the plunder of Spain. The best specimens of *Murillo's* finest hand and warmest colouring which Madrid can boast, are the *Patrician's Dream*, and the *Santa Isabella*—and exquisitely beautiful paintings they are. One of his most celebrated works is *Moses striking*

the Rock. The Capuchin convent, outside the Puerta de Cordova, is stored with Murillo's best works.

This exquisite artist, having proceeded to Cadiz, to paint the great picture of the Espousals of St. Catherine, in the church of the Capuchin convent, fell, whilst at work there, from a scaffold. From the effects of this lamentable accident he never recovered, but expired in April, 1682.

There is a feathery lightness of touch about Murillo's execution, which is perfectly wonderful in its effects. His brush seems to have swept over the canvass without the smallest restraint, covering it lightly with flakes of colour. In some of his works, the celestial figures seem of a totally different texture from the earthly beings below. His colouring was also marvellous. Sir Joshua Reynolds says of Rubens' Descent from the Cross, that "none but great colourists can venture to paint fine white linen near flesh." Few painters hazarded this contrast more frequently than Murillo, and with the most successful results.

### The Gatherer.

*Chivalry in a Queen.*—The romantic idea of becoming a female crusader had got into the light head of Eleanor, the Queen of Louis the Seventh of France, who was afterwards wife of Henry the Second of England, and being at this time in the very flower of her youth and beauty, she swayed Louis according to her will and pleasure. Suger gives us the description of the preparations she made for this campaign, and says, that when Queen Eleanor received the cross from St. Bernard, at Vezalai, she directly put on the dress of an Amazon; and her ladies, all actuated by the same frenzy, mounted on horseback, and forming a lightly armed squadron, surrounded the queen when she appeared in public, calling themselves Queen Eleanor's body-guard. They practised Amazonian exercises, and performed a thousand follies in public, to animate their zeal as practical crusaders. By the suggestion of their young queen, this band of madwomen sent their useless distaffs as presents to all the knights and nobles who had the good sense to keep out of this insane expedition; and this ingenious taunt had the effect of shaming many wise men out of their better resolutions.

*An Election Pun.*—At an election dinner lately, a voter said he had never received a bribe to the extent of a farthing. "Oh! Smith, how can you say so?" observed another voter; "when I know that Mr. W. sent you a hare." "Ay, that's true enough; but it was full of maggots." "Well, then," was the rejoinder, "if it were not bribery, it was corruption."

*Very peculiar Cruise.*—A professional man of extravagant habits having absented himself for a considerable period from his

residence at the West-end of town, explained the circumstance to a lady, who was wondering what had become of him all the last twelvemonth:—"I have been upon a cruise, my dear madam;—you were not aware, I dare say, that I had an extensive acquaintance in the Navy!"—"What a scamp that fellow is," observed the brother of the fair querist, who happened to know of his having been imprisoned thirteen months for a debt of three hundred pounds; "The fact is, he has been all that time in the *Fleet*!"

Mr. Nasmyth, at a late meeting of the Royal Institution, remarked, that Babylonian bricks, made on the banks of the Euphrates, 4000 years ago, exhibit the first principles—the primitive forms of our own alphabet!—*Lit. Gazette.*

The Worcester Journal states, that a society similar to the London Art-Union, for the purpose of encouraging the Fine Arts, by the purchase of pictures, &c., is about being established in that city.

A patent has recently been granted to a gentleman of Bath, for making wine from the green stalks of the rhubarb plant, which almost equals the Champagne of France in flavour.

The Lord Chamberlain has appointed Mr. John Kemble, dramatic-censor, in the room of his father, Mr. Charles Kemble.

*The Man of many Wives.*—A Hindoo, named Gobind Chunder Gosain, an inhabitant of Ballee, died lately, leaving no less than one hundred widows.

*The Ancient Game of Football.*—At a recent petty session at Twickenham, the magistrates granted the request of some applicants to enjoy the ancient right of playing at football on last Shrove Tuesday—a custom observed in the principal parishes of Surrey and Middlesex, from time immemorial. There is something refreshingly pleasing in witnessing such healthy athletic British sports.

### Beautiful Epitaph.

"Sleep on, fair maid, fulfil thy Maker's will,  
Arise unchang'd, and be an angel still."—A. R.—

*The Schoolmaster wanted in Wiltshire.*—The following is a literal copy of a bill for work done for a gallant officer in that county:

"Mr. to the honorable Cernal —"			
to h wilkins		£.	s. d.
1 Stomer new	- - -	0	1 9
1 brass kettle rep	- - -	0	1 0
1 water kan rep	- - -	0	0 2
1 tap repaired	- - -	0	0 3
1 fernis pack	- - -	0	9 0

Henry Wilkins  
february 5 settled

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